Modern Religion

AND

Ancient Loyalty:

A

DIALOGUE.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1699.

Modern Religion

AND

Ancient Loyalty:

A

DIALOGUE.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1699.

Modern Religion
AND
Ancient Loyalty:
A
DIALOGUE.

Loyalty.

WHAT black Decree of Over-ruling Fate,
Ordains me thus Unfortunate of Late,
Who once made Nations Happy, and their Princes Great?
The People's Safety, and the Throne's Delight,
Religion's only Darling Favourite;
Whose holy Priests assisted at my Birth,
Nurs'd me as Vertue, and proclaim'd my Worth
Thro' all the Christian Kingdoms of the Earth,
Where long, as Monarch of the Heart, I Reign'd;
By all Approvid, and by the Church Maintain'd;
To me their Love I gratefully repaid:
And Nations where I dwelt, I easie made:
Preserv'd the Subjects Duty to the Crown,
And made the People and the Prince but One.

I all things in a happy Medium ſteer'd,
Clad in Bright Innocence, unſtain'd appear'd,
Belov'd by all Good Men, by none but Rebels fear'd.
But now, alas! by ſome prevailing Chance,
That ſprang from Int'reſt, Pride, or Ignorance,
Or ſome Rebellious Seeds that Lurk unſeen,
Within the Hearts of blind-miſtaken Men,
Am I Abandon'd, ſlighted, and Deſpis'd,
And from my Milk-white Robes in Rags Diſguis'd;
Thruſt out of Country, City, Church, and Court,
And Foot Ball-like, become the Publick Sport.
Corrupted thus, they all conſpire my Doom;
And raiſe inglorious Int'reſt in my room.
Int'reſt, that oft Contaminates the Saint;
And makes the Knave in holy Language Cant.
Int'reſt, that firſt taught Innocence to ſin;
And bribes the Heart to let Corruption in.
Int'reſt, that over All beats Sovreign Sway,
Makes the Friend faithful, and the Rogue betray,
The Soldier hazzard Life, and the Great Man Obey.
Tell me Religion
Why do your Teachers ſuffer me to Fall,
Once ſo Upheld, but now the Scorn of all;
Excluded from your Pulpits, and betray'd;
By your Revolving Prieſts am Odious made;
What was your Doctrine once, why do you now Evade

Religion.

Faction Prevailes, and does too Pow'rful grow;
You see I'm brought by Toleration Low.
How can You hope by Me to be Advanc'd,
Since I my Self am thus Discountenanc'd?
My spurning Foes on ev'ry side Aspire:
I Lose my Pow'r, They Gain what they Desire.
How then can I (Redue'd by their Designs)
Promote Your Int'rest, when my Own Declines?
No more can I Redress thy Present State,
Than Falling Princes make their Favourites Great.
The Growing Factions thy Obedience blame,
And call thee but an Empty Sound, a Name;
They think thee Giddiness, a Church-Disease,
And Tumble and Transfer thee as they please.
Thou canst expect no Favour in an Age,
Where Truth is hiss'd from off the Publick Stage;
And Vertue hides her Head, whilst Pride and Envy rage.
Thy hateful Strictness would my Followers Fright,
Who brand thee with the Name of Jacobite;
Tho' known to all Opinions, few apply thee right.
When Both Acknowledg'd One Supreme Command,
Like Faithful Friends, we then walk'd Hand in Hand;
But since the Pow'r of Heaven has chang'd the Scene,
By Notions False you have Misguided been;
And thro' Erroneous Principles, Dissent
From Me, and Heav'ns Appointed Government.

In Your Behalf how can my Clergy Plead,
If you deny Submiſſion to my Head;
And think your ſelf Unalterably Bound
To the meer Name of King, wherein no Pow'r is found?
Whilſt you Refuſe your ſtubborn Neck to Bow
T' Authority, both Church and Laws allow;
And like a Treacherous Guide betray the Blind,
To Grope for Treaſure, which they ne'er can find,
To all my Prieſthood Odious will thou be;
And canſt no Aid expect from Them or Me.
We Yield Allegiance to the Sov'reign Sway
Who Heav'n Anoints, Religion muſt Obey.
Till you Submit, you can no Longer Bind;
The Free-born Subject won't be ſo confin'd:
And if they be, when once they've Broke the Chain,
Like Bears, 'tis hard to Fetter them again.
They'll hazzard All to ſet their Minds but Free,
So highly do they prize their Liberty;
That darling Object of the Peoples Love,
The only Spring that does the Publick move;
The Peaſant's Comfort, and the Rich-man's Care,
The Crown of Peace, and common Cauſe of War;
A Kingdom's Pride, Strength, Safety and Delight,
The Monarch's Duty, and the Subject's Right;
A Pleaſing Bliſs the dulleſt Lump deſires,
The only Native Good that all Mankind Admires.
But You an Adamantine Yoke deſign'd,
Attempting, by a Lawleſs Force, to Bind;

And

And make Allegiance such a Fatal Chain,
That cannot, must not be dissolv'd by Man.
How can such High-flown Loyalty agree
With Bounded Pow'r, and Native Libertie?
For if Obedience be the Subjects part,
When Kings an Arbitrary Pow'r exert,
What Lawful Fence or Bulwark can there be
The People to secure from Slaverie?
What Rights or Freedom can a Nation boast,
But what may be by Sov'reign Pow'r ingrost?
What Law can Hinder, or what Curb Restrain,
The wild Ambition of a Vitious Man?
All at a Tyrants Mercy then must be,
Religion, Life, Estate, and Libertie;
The People all are Slaves, none but the Monarch Free.
Besides
Submission of the Whole implies Consent;
And Absolute Confirms the Government.
If you Bear Wrongs, and may Prevent the same,
Who but the Sufferers shall Deserve the Blame?
Such Passive Tameness, when you've Pow'r to Nil,
Concludes you as a Partner in the Ill.
The Patient Bigot who Resigns his Rights,
In Duty to a Tyrant Will Submits;
Against the Publick Good and Safety, Errs;
And basely Does more Injury than he Bears.

Thus by degrees Intails a Slavery;
And Gains the Curses of Posterity;
These are the sad Effects of too strict Loyalty:
From hence you're taught a musty Roman Cheat,
Allmost Exploded, and grown Obsolete.
As far as You the Nations Rights Secure,
And Bind Allegiance to the King in Pow'r;
Such Loyalty I Hold, and such Maintain,
Whose Chain's no longer than a Prince's Reign.
But such Deny as cannot be Removed,
When Just the Cause, and by the States Approv'd.
If such Exploded Tenets you Defend,
I'm no more Yours, than You the Kingdom's Friend.

Loyalty.

Too Well, alas! Grave Guide, you know the Cause,
Made me Aspire and Tow'r Above the Laws:
Your Frenzy Rais'd me to a Height too Great,
From whence I Sunk to this Dejected State:
Unlawfull Greatness in Contempt of Ends,
A sudden Fall too quick a Rise Attends.
And when Beneath the Publick Scorn I lay,
Thus left, You Steer'd your Course another way:
So the Rich Churl, from all Misfortunes free,
Proudly Shuns Others in Adversitie.
First by your Priesthood was I made too Great,
Preach'd up as the Main Prop of Church and Sate;

Enjoyn'd on all, as Monarchies beſt Friend,
On whom the Throne and Nation's Peace depend;
As ſpotleſs Vertue in the Church receiv'd;
Taught as ſound Doctrine, and as ſuch Believ'd.
Thus did your Clergy blaze my Fame——
'Twas I firſt Tam'd the Brutal Rage of Man;
In me alone Obedience firſt began.
I was the Reins to which the Curb is ty'd,
By which Great Men their Leſſer Agents guide.
The Soldier I with Noble Warmth Inſpire,
(True Loyalty the Chilleſt Thoughts could Fire)
And turn by force of Duty, Fear into Deſire.
I taught the Subject, by an Inward Voice,
T' Obey his King, not by Conſtraint, but Choice;
And wade thro' Dangers to Protect the Throne,
Bent on his Prince's Safety, heedleſs of his Own.
If you to Kings are ſuch a Faithful Friend,
As your Learn'd Clergy to their Flocks pretend,
Why do they not my Exc'lent Uſe Proclaim,
And to the World define me what I am?
To ſome known Rules why am I not Confin'd,
Or why thus toſt with every change of wind?
Tutor'd by you from Vertues School I came;
So place me, I may always be the ſame:
For if I'm no where fix'd, I next to nothing am.

Religion.

In Times of Old, when Man forsook his God,
And Pride and Envy scatter'd were abroad;
When those Just Morals, that preserv'd our Peace,
(Ere Kings were chose) began at first to cease,
Ambition did the Heart of Man possess;
Taught him t' Insult, to Conquer, and Oppress;
And Magnifie Himself, by making Others Less.
The World encreas'd, worse Quarrells still began;
No Beasts such Enemies as Man to Man:
Small were their Comforts, great was their Distress,
Like Fish the Mightier prey'd upon the Less.
These Cruel Ills and sad Disorders brought
Desire of Kings into the People's Thought,
That by his prudent Rule might be Appeas'd
Those dire Confusions, which Themselves had Rais'd.
To Laws most fit they both Subscrib'd Consent,
To preserve Justice, and Abuse prevent;
And on this Basis built their Regal Government.
Thus did the Suffrings of Unpolish'd Man,
Make the Wild Heard for Kingly Pow'r complain;
From their own Ills they might protected be,
And dread no more each others Enmity;
Thus chang'd for Humane Safety Savage Liberty.

With

With glad Submiſſion, they the Laws Obey'd,
The Laws their Ruler and Themſelves had made;
Then Prince and Prieſt in Friendly Union joyn'd,
The Crowd with Joy ſome Native Rights reſign'd.
By crafty Dreams, and Inſpiration led,
What's firſt their Choice, was then their Duty made;
The Lord Commands you now to bow your Stubborn Head.
Then was that Bond call'd Loyalty *contriv'd;*
From hence your Ancient Pedigree's deriv'd.
At firſt the People did on Terms agree,
Protect Us, we'll Your Faithful Subjects be;
But if you, like the Crane, *exert your Power,*
Make us your Slaves, and us poor Frogs *Devour;*
The King's Diſſolv'd, when you our Lives Betray,
And we are bound no longer to Obey.
If he Deſtroys thoſe Rights he ſhould Preſerve,
Subjects may Juſtly from their Duty ſwerve.
If he's a Tyrant, Faithleſs, and Unjuſt,
He Forfeits, when he Falſifies his Truſt.
All Obligations, on the Peoples ſide,
Are, by his breach of Covenant, made void.
When led by Vice, he ceaſes to maintain
Juſtice, the Law of Heaven has made it plain,
He has no longer any Right to Reign.
Then what is Loyalty, *that hide-bound thing,*
That does to Miſery all ſuch Bigots bring;
Who, when the Pow'r is loſt, purſue the Name of King.

So the fond Cur, when his kind Maſter Dies,
Pines o'er the Grave, where his dead Sov'reign Lies,
Expecting ev'ry Moment he again will Riſe.
Into like Errours you your Friends betray,
And lead them as a Will i'th' Wiſp *aſtray,*
To wander in great Danger, from the beaten Way.
You ought to bind the Subject to the Throne,
With due reſpect to Him, who Juſtly Rules thereon.
If you direct t'wards Perſons, wrong's your Aim,
For they may Change, But ſtill the Pow'r the ſame,
Which is from Heav'n deriv'd; and Pow'r alone,
Confirms the Right of him that Guides the Throne:
And when that Pow'r, by want of Conduct's loſt,
The King's Diſſolv'd that can't Maintain his Poſt.
Thus if the the Prince beyond the Laws has Err'd,
Subjects Allegiance may be then Transfer'd,
To that Great Mind whoſe Wiſe Capacious Soul,
Hath rais'd him to be next moſt fit to Rule.
Or if thro' Weakneſs, or Imprudence grown
Too Tame, to do the Juſtice of the Throne,
How can the People reſt on his Protection?
Then who ſo e'er intrudes with Greater Might,
And ſhall diveſt him of his Sov'reign Right,
If to his Government the Land agree,
By greater Pow'r has greater Right than he.

If

If ſo than you are Falſe, and ſhould Comply,
With him that bears the Soveraignity.
And Teach your Miſled Followers to bring,
Obedient Hearts, as the beſt Offering;
Not to the Perſon only, but the Pow'r of King.

Loyalty.

From my old Friend, what Doctrine do I hear;
In what ſtrange Monſtrous Shapes do you appear?
In a few Years how you have chang'd your Text;
And ſhow'd your ſelf too Fickle to be Fix't:
The Ancient Purity you once might Boaſt,
In Int'reſt, Pride, and Flatt'ry now is Loſt.
And all your Glories, which appear'd ſo bright
And Dazling, Shone by Faith and Reaſons Light,
Look Dim, as if Eclips'd by Sinful Pleaſures Night.
When Prieſts were nearer much to Heav'n Allied,
And Grace and Truth their Doctrines Beautified;
Teaching in groſs, with Pains, the Peoples Good;
And they the ſame with Innocence purſu'd:
Then was I Great, in each Goods Mans Eſteem;
And only then Shin'd Bright the *Diadem.*
When Kings, as Gods Vicegerents, were Allow'd,
Not Choſen, by the Blind and Partial Crowd;
But held too Sacred to be Bound in Bands,
Or be Defil'd by th' Multitudes Rude Hands.
But by a Right Divine the Scepter Swai'd,
And all thus Taught, the God-like Man Obey'd.

Then Led by Grace, your Sable Tribe were bent,
To lengthen out the Reins of Government.
Paſſive Obedience was the Prophets Dream;
And *Non Reſiſtance* was the Preachers Theme.
Into theſe Yoakes the People you Betray'd,
Till Gall'd them with the Rig'rous Chains you made.
Who but your ſelves Advanc'd this Airy Thought,
Call'd *Duty* Then, tho' Now as *Slav'ry* Taught.
Thus what you once Upheld, you now Cruſh down,
To Faiths Contempt, and Scandal to the Gown:
If they are Uſeful Truths, which once you Teach,
Why not continue ſtill the ſame to Preach?
And if falſe Principles, why then Maintain,
What now you hold ſo Dangerouſly Vain?
T' Aſſert what's Falſe, or Truth Condemn's a Crime,
For Each are ſtill the ſame at every Time:
Be't Right, or Wrong, you ſtill incur a Blame,
Yours was the Errour, and to You the Shame.
No Various Conſtitutions can excuſe,
Such Shifts and Turns your Unfix'd Clergy uſe,
To Heav'ns Diſhonour, and the Worlds Abuſe.
If they, like Shuttle-cocks, Fly too and fro,
How ſhall Mankind their Faith or Duty know?
If the True Light muſt Kindle and Expire,
As th' Int'reſt of the Prince, or Prieſt requires;
Who then would Raſhly with the Church Believe,
Or Pin his Faith upon the Prophets Sleeve?
Religion ſure the Wiſe would lay aſide,
And chooſe Dim Reaſon as the ſurer Guide.

Since

Since fatal Turns and Changes now Devide
Thoſe happy Links, in which we once were ty'd;
And we in Sov'reign Pow'r thus diſagree,
Thro' our old Chriſtial Law I'll let you ſee,
What you once Taught, and I now hold a King to be.

In Chearful Straines theſe Joyful Truths I Sing,
Sacred's the Royal Perſon of the King,
By th' Laws allow'd to be alone Supreme;
And holds of his Own Right the *Diadem*.
A Monarch, and Subordinate to none,
Accountable on Earth, to God alone,
Immovably United to the Throne.
As Heav'n it ſelf, whoſe only Law is Will,
Head of all Pow'r can therefore do no Ill.
So Kings, in their own Kingdoms, are the ſame,
Can do no Wrong, and ſo Incur no Blame.
Judges and Counſellors being choſen free,
T' Adviſe, Determine, and if Faults their be,
Thay skreen the Prince from all Rebellious Calumny.
The Laws, by the Three States in Union made,
(Joyn'd, or apart, the Sov'reign's ſtill the Head)
Have rendred Plainly, and beyond Diſpute,
The Throne from all Coercion Abſolute.
The Laws Divine, with Humane Laws accord,
For, *Touch not my Anointed*, ſays the Lord;
Which proves that whatſoever Princes do,
It's ſtill the Subjects Duty to be True;
And Render unto *Cæſar* what's his Due.

FINIS

These Pious Doctrines Long did you Maintain;
These Truths first bred me in the Heart of Man:
Then was I Doted on by ev'ry Priest,
Tho' now become each Cocks-comb common Jest:
Over Smooth Tongues, from Pulpit did I Glide,
And in each Subjects Mind Triumphant Ride,
Became the Christians Duty, and the States-mans Pride.
The Soldiers Honour, and the Clergies Fame,
The Kingdoms Safety, and the Rebells Shame,
The Lawyers Argument, the Poet's Theme,
The Young Mans Glory, and the Old Mans Dream,
The Prince's Pleasure, and the Peoples Joy,
God Save the King, the Pray'r of ev'ry Boy.
These Epethites your Clergy once could give,
And Preach'd, and Pray'd I might for ever Live,
Approv'd me as a Virtue fit to Reign,
And bear Dominion in the Hearts of Men.
But that Church Wind that Aided is my flight,
And rais'd me Up to such a Tott'ring hight,
By Saints strong Bellows, from the Pulpit blown,
Be'ng turn'd against her, brought me tumbling down:
Where Buri'd in Contempt, my Fate I Mourn,
Till Rais'd again, in favour some Holy Turn.
So the Lame Patient, when he's eas'd of Pain,
Slights his old Wounds, and does the Salve disdain,
But when it Smarts, is glad to use the like again.

FINIS.